50,000 Copies of this Issue Printed.

10cts. "The Red Soubrette's Gossip" 10cts.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1898

NO 6 VOL 1

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER AS TEDDY TWOSHOES, IN "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY" AT THE NEW YORK CASINO.

Digitized by Google INDIANA UNIVERSITY

AFTER GOLF

or any other exercise, PEARS' SOAP is refreshing; it softens the skin, and produces a bright, clear complexion.

Established over 100 years—20 International awards—Be *SURE* you get the genuine.

Copyright, 1898, by The Broadway Publishing Company.

Digitized by Google

Original from
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

From a Pen and Ink Drawing by C. H. Wright.

JUST A LITTLE DASH OF BLACK.

Digitized by Google

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Ogerau, Paris.

NO. 1632, A CIGARETTE AND A WHEEL.

We might easily tell you that her name is Minerva Cyrene Gadfly. But we show our restraint and sweet ingenuous nature by saying that all we know is that her photographic number is 1632, and that she has a cigarette in her mouth and is getting ready to ride. For further information cable M. Ogerau, 18 Boulevard Montmarte, Paris, France.

SHY.

The Doctor.—Queer saying that about truth lying at the bottom of a well.

The Lawyer.—Not so queer if you knew the amount of pumping we lawyers sometimes have to do to get at it.

HER NUPTIALS.

First Rural Maid.—What's this I hear you're going to do, Jennie?

Second Rural Maid.—Well, Maggie, I'm just going to marry that farm over there, and live with Jim Pertatos on it.

Digitized by Google

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

"GO ON; CHASE YOURSELF."

DIFFERENT.

His Wife.—And you are to defend that shoplifter?

The Lawyer.—My dear, she isn't a shoplifter. She was formerly, but she has saved so much money in the last ten years that she has become a kleptomaniac.

A SURE TEST.

Coroner.—Did you do nothing to resusticate the body?

Witness.—Yes, we searched the pockets.

HIS OBJECTION.

Fuddy.—I never ride a tandem wheel unless I can have the rear saddle.

Duddy.—That's funny.

Fuddy.—Not at all. I don't care to have anyone talking behind my back.

SWEET CHILD.

Mrs. Joggins.—Willy, has your mother been buying a new rug?

Willy.—Yes. You wouldn't know there was a hole in the carpet, now, would you?

Digitized by Google

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

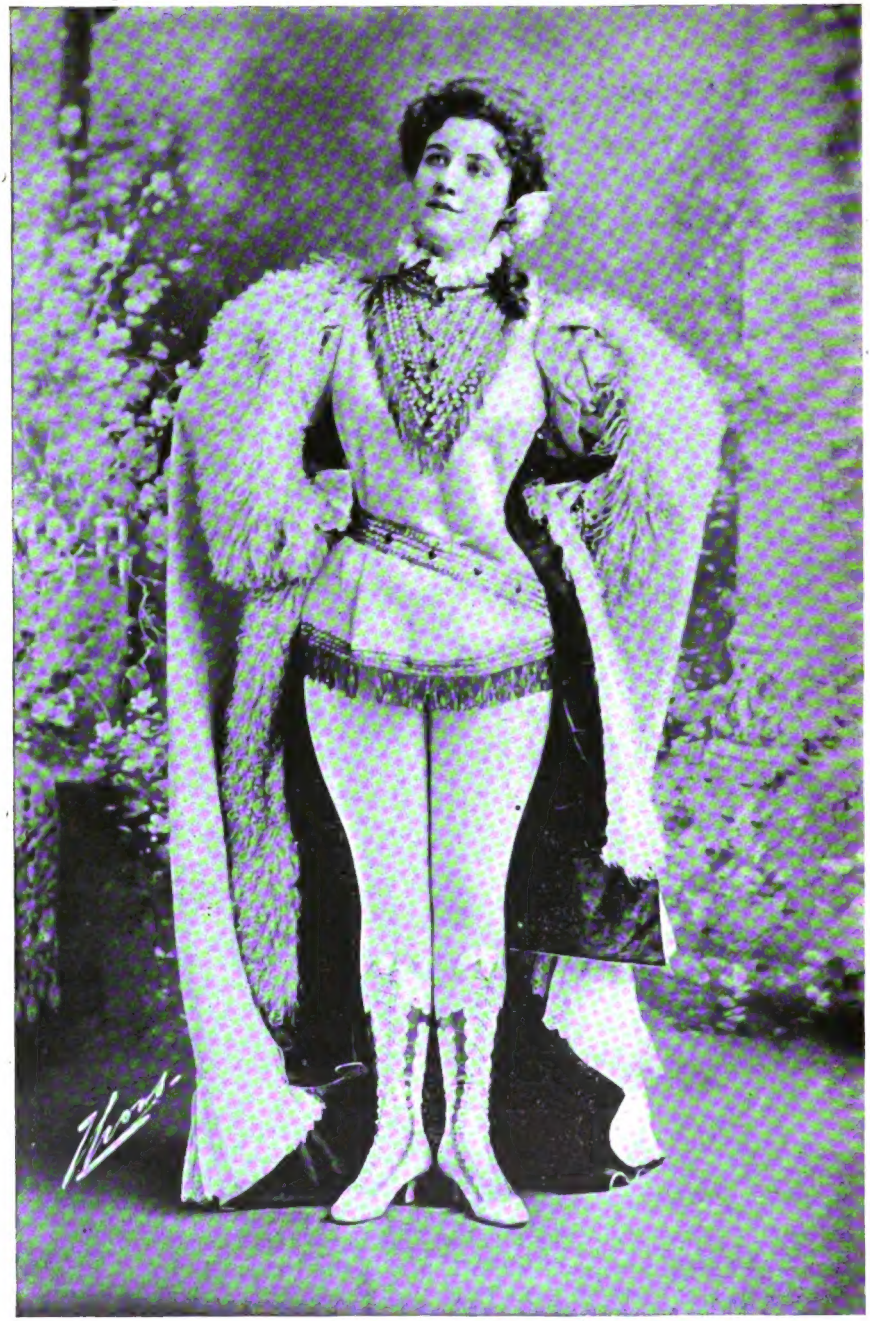


Photo by Thors, San Francisco.

MISS MINNIE BRIDGES, WHO THINKS NOTHING OF GOING FROM WARSAW, WIS., TO SAN FRANCISCO TO HAVE HER PICTURES TAKEN BEFORE BREAKFAST.

Miss Bridges loves tights, and it is yet to go on record that any audience on the road has ever asked her to discard them after once getting a glimpse of their obvious beauties.

Digitized by Google

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

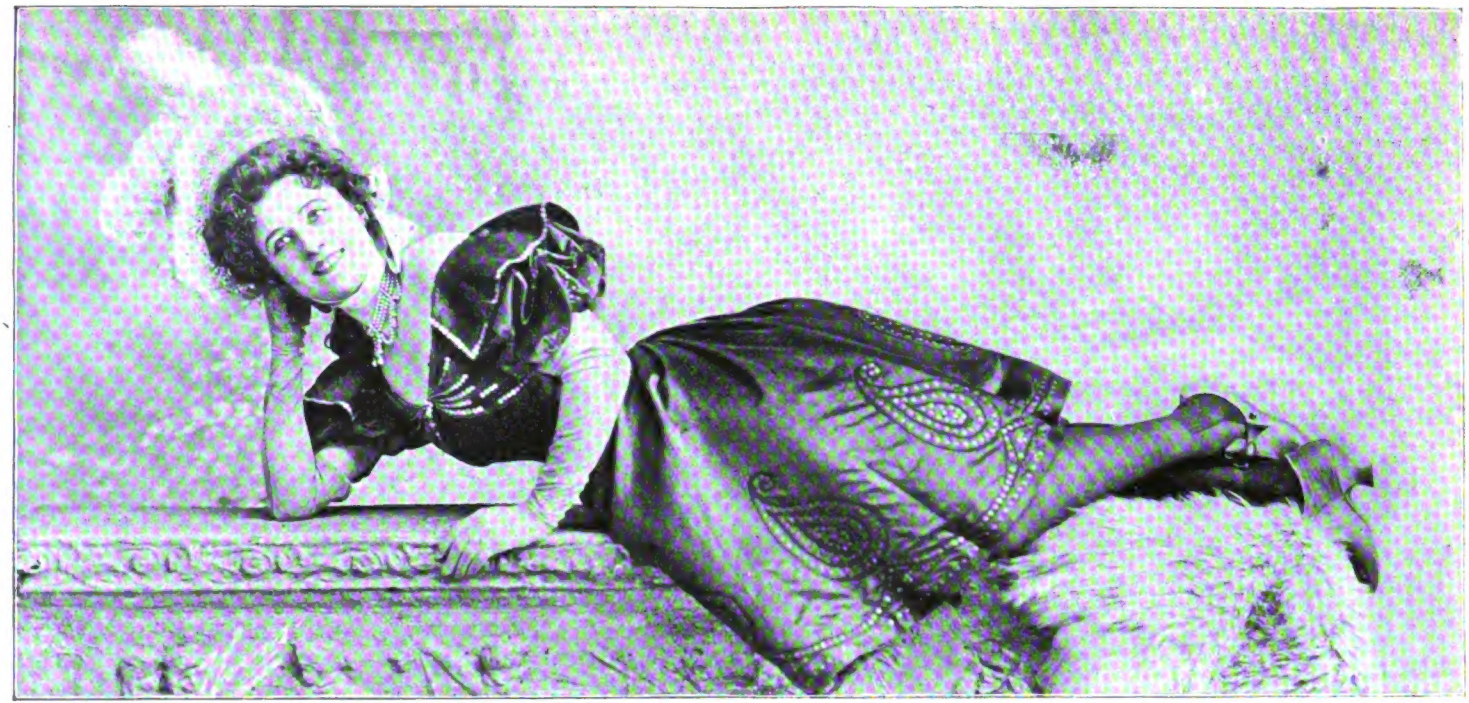


Photo by Thors, San Francisco.

MISS BRIDGES AGAIN, THIS TIME ON THE SIDE.

Miss Bridges is here shown in an attitude so expressive of complete satisfaction with the things that are that we are almost inclined to share her evident contentment. Note her teeth. They gleam like the rays of a calcium, and those limbs, silk-encased and properly posed, are enough to inspire the poet to dizzy heights, and that one teasing shoulder would—but we wax foolish. Pass on to the next picture, ladies and gentlemen.

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Copyright, 1898, by B. J. Falk, New York.

MISS SHELBY SWINGING IN A HAMMOCK.

You can't gainsay that statement. There's Miss Shelby, and there's the hammock; if she isn't swinging it's contrary to all the ethics of hammockdom. We venture the remark that hammocks are made for two. But, then, that's none of our business.

HE FOUND OUT.

"Miss Strutt," said a young man to an acquaintance with whom he was taking a walk one evening, "I hope this cigarette will not be offensive to you?"

"Not at all, sir," she replied slowly and with emphasis, "unless you light it."

A STRANGE FACT.

She.—Oh, my tooth aches just dreadfully! I don't see why we can't be born without teeth.

He.—I think, my dear, if you will look up some authority on that point, you will find that most of us are.

Digitized by Google

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

Time: Any old time from September to April.

Dramatis Personae. The leading man, soubrette and a few others farther back.

Walking: Fair to medium.

Reason: Great piece, fine company, but unappreciative public.

You know how it is yourself.

Digitized by Google

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photograph by Eddowes Bros., New York.

MISS GERTRUDE ZELLA, ONE OF THE PRETTY GIRLS IN "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY," AT THE CASINO.

Digitized by Google

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE

Vol. 1. SEPTEMBER, 1898. No. 6.

"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY."

THE LATEST NEW YORK CASINO PRODUCTION.

It is as useless a task to seriously criticise one of the Morton and Kerker pieces as it would be to analyze a pousse cafe or a Kansas cyclone. Morton and Kerker simply defy the critics, and in doing so they manage to please the public.

And so with "Yankee Doodle Dandy." This title is obviously a device to hitch on

MARIE GEORGE AS MARIE GEORGE.

to the tail of the martial comet. But Hugh Morton, otherwise C. M. S. McLellan, formerly editor of Town Topics, has not endeavored to be anything but carelessly flippant in his new book. For that matter, he couldn't be serious any more than a barrel of nails could float. He loathes seriousness and detests hypocrisy.

MARIE GEORGE AS ANGELA SWANSDOWN.

In "Yankee Doodle Dandy" Mr. Morton has shown some of his most whimsical conceits. The war only serves as an excuse for some of the quips, and the martial atmosphere of a Howard or Gillette is lacking. There are two acts and six scenes,

Digitized by Google

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

TWO PICTURES OF GERTRUDE ZELLA. ONE OF THE CLEVEREST OF THE CASINO WOMEN.

running the gamut from a class room in the New York Academy of Design, where the fun starts, to Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, with the Capitol in the distance, where it ends.

Edna Wallace Hopper as Teddy Twoshoes, an art student and lieutenant of the New York Naval Reserves, is a revelation in black knickerbockers and tights. Madge Lessing makes a fetching Honoria. Marie George, as Angela Swansdown, uses her feet in an effective manner. A lot of other pretty women do a lot of other things.

Walter Jones easily ranks the men. His Theophilus Borax, a theatrical property-man, is carefully worked out, and one of the best things this clean-cut young comedian has done. Thos. Q. Seabrooke forgets his family troubles long enough to be funny. Lee Harrison in the small part of Husky Hardmugg, a jailor, raises some of the heartiest laughs in the piece. Louis Wesley's legs bring down the house. He is getting funnier each season. Julius Steger sings well when he forgets about the calcium.

The piece is beautifully presented as to settings.

R. B. H.

Copyright, 1898, by Geo. Rockwood, N. Y.

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, THE TEDDY TWOSHOES OF "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY."

Digitized by Google

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

LIKENESSES OF THE FOLLOWING TWENTY-FIVE PEOPLE WELL KNOWN ON BROADWAY APPEAR IN THIS ILLUSTRATION (BUT NOT IN THE ORDER NAMED):

Otis Harlan, Nella Bergen, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., Marie Dressler, Dorothy Sherrod, Arthur Maitland, A. A. McCormick, Theobald Chartran, Charles F. Gall, Gretchen Lyons, Julius Steger, Adelaide Thurston, Mabel Montgomery, Isaac Fromme, Carolyn Elbert Hattie Williams, J. W. Bratton, E. H. Sothern, Charles Coghlan, H. S. Tabor, Edwin Stevens, Oscar Hammerstein, Dan Daly, Vernona Jarbeau, Eric Scott.

Write down the names of these twenty-five people with his or her number opposite each name, and send to the office of the Broadway Magazine. The person whose correct answer is received first will be entitled to the Broadway Magazine free for one year.

WHO IN THE DEUCE ARE THEY?

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

"I DO NOT ALWAYS SIT THIS WAY."

AN AWFUL FRAUD EXPOSED.

BY ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED.

I am an actress.

I have been maligned. I wish to state right here that if I did one-half the silly things I am pictured as doing, I would spend the rest of my life in a nice select hotel for lunatics.

As I am an actress, I am supposed to do things that no one else does, because I'm an actress. You have seen me, of course, pictured as playfully kicking off the manager's hat while in the act of drinking a magnum of champagne. Allow me to state that there have been times in my career when I have been known to have both feet on the floor at once even in the presence of my manager.

Of course, you have seen me in my dressing room always with my clothes pulled up to my knees and a generous display of lingerie for all who would look. Pray, believe me, I do not always sit this way. Occasionally I allow my skirts to stay where they belong, just as other women do.

And another thing, I am supposed to

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

"I LEAVE IT OPEN SO THAT THE INTERESTING OPERATIONS OF DRESSING AND UNDRESSING MAY BE SEEN BY THE CROWDS."

stand for hours at a time in all stages of undress, waiting with feverish eagerness for the coming of a photographer who is always lying in wait for me. It's truly strange how those photographers know when there's grist for their mill.

I forgot. I absolutely never, so you are told, close my dressing room door. I leave it open so that the interesting operations of dressing and undressing may be seen by the crowds that are represented as being in wait outside my door.

Then, too, according to these same history makers, I am continually drinking beer and other potables all over the stage, not even forgetting the flies and the proscenium boxes.

"ACCORDING TO THESE HISTORY-MAKERS I AM CONTINUALLY DRINKING BEER."

May I surprise you by saying that I sometimes forget to drink beer behind the scenes, and that stage managers have a decided aversion to long rows of empty bottles strewn promiscuously around their domain? It's a solemn fact.

Just thought I'd mention these few things in order to let you know that a woman can be an actress without being either a fool or a person without shame.

But I'm mad.

POLLY PRY.

Digitized by Google

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Copyright, 1898, by J. Schloss, New York.

MISS BESSIE SUTHERLAND IN THE BULLRUSHES.

They're not the same with which the name of one Moses is so closely associated. They are the kind that grow in photograph galleries. Miss Sutherland costumes herself thusly only when a camera is focussing its gaze on her.

TREASURE TROVE.

"Albert, dear, while looking through some of your old clothes, I made such a lucky find that I ordered a new dress on the strength of it."

"What was it dear?"

"Half-a-dozen checks that had never been written on."

ALL THAT IS NECESSARY.

First Long-Haired Poet.—Her father is not what you would call a well-read man.

Second Long-Haired Poet.—No. His library consists of only two books; but they suffice.

F. L.-H. P.—What are they?

S. L.-H. P.—Bank book and check book.

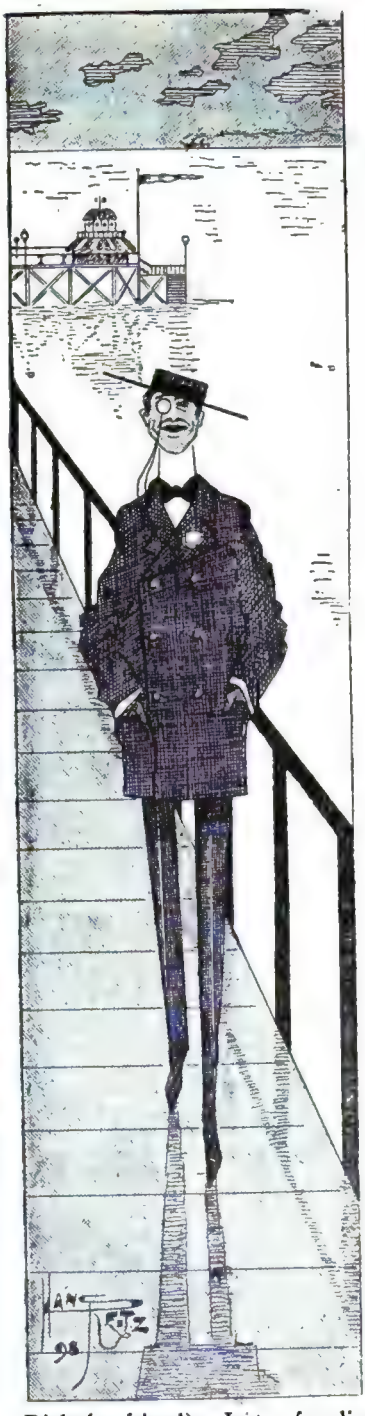
Digitized by Google

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

"Jenkin's wife is very strict with him."
"In what way?"
"She charges him a dime every day he says a bad word, and she won't let him have three for a quarter.

WAITING.

She looks very lonely,
I ween,
And I hear that she's only
Nineteen,
But I soon will be there,
Oh, my maiden so fair,
So have patience, my darling,
My queen!



Dick (to friend).—Just a few lines to tell you how I'm getting on. I'm the only man down here at Shortsides, and I have to get up at four in the morning to get a few minutes to myself.

Digitized by Google
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

ROSE COGHLAN IN THE ACT OF DECEIVING HERSELF.

She really looks as if she were spending a pleasant afternoon on the sands, doesn't she? And she apparently is trying to make herself think she can hear the swish of the waves, the cuckoo of the sea pig and the merry meow of the catfish. But when we tell you that this picture was taken in Sarony's gallery you will readily appreciate the fact that things are frequently what they do not seem sometimes. Guess again.

STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

"Pa?"

"Well, my son?"

"Pa, how'd the man who named the first bicycle know it was a bicycle?"

TOO BUSY.

Waiter (to diner, who is absorbed in the menu).—What do you wish to eat, please?

Absent-minded Man.—I haven't time to talk now. Ask me after dinner.

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

1. LILLIAN BURKHARDT. 2. CARRIE RADCLIFFE.
3. LOUISE PAULIEN. 4. GEROME EUSTACE.
Photograps by Schloss, Falk, Sarony and Morrison.

A QUARTETTE OF YOUNG AMERICAN ACTRESSES.

THE VERY WORST.

"John got so discouraged about himself that he went to the doctor again the other day to know the worst."

"Did he get the information he was seeking?"

"Yes, the doctor told him his bill was $100.

JUST THAT.

Little Clarence.—Father, what is the difference between firmness and obstinacy?

Father.—Merely a matter of sex, my son.

AT THE RACES.

"Hurrah! They're off!"

Tramp (with luncheon).—So am I.

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

THE GIRL WITH THE DAINTY ANKLES.

The proofs, one of them, is before your eyes. Her name is Mabel, and with this simple title she goes through life with a merry smile and tripping feet. She dotes on her right ankle. Do you notice it?

PARDONABLE CURIOSITY.

Little Birdie (nestling up to him)—Tell me how rich you are, will you?

Mr. Dashing (good-humoredly)—I hardly know myself. Why do you ask?

Little Birdie—Well, sister said she'd give a dollar to know, and I thought I might get it.

WHAT INDEED?

Mrs. Timeserver.—I don't approve of Mr. Moneybag's suit, my dear. I don't think he is the man for you, for he doesn't seem to have a spark of principle.

Miss Timeserver.—He has a principal, Ma, of $200,000, that yields him 10 per cent. annually. What more do you want?

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

The Red Soubrette's Corsip

HELLO! Here I am again!

* * * *

Sa-ay, maybe little Edna Wallace Hopper hasn't hit them hard at the Casino!

Gee, but she's a dream in tights. I never really thought it of her. When she comes out in black in the first act the chappies gasp. When she comes out in white in the last they go out and drink themselves to death.

She can afford to smile one or two on the side, even if she isn't the only girl in this world for long Mr. Hopper.

Edna, by the way, never looked better in her life than she does now. Marital infelicity evidently doesn't bother her much.

* * * *

EMMA GRAFF is a peach.

You know her, of course. She is the large blonde lady who has been giving the boys heart disease ever since she first struck the town. Miss Graff is the leader of her exclusive circle, and she knows everybody from Shanley's to the Casino in the Park and back again.

I called her a peach. That's what she is. I saw her a few days ago, and I'll stake my new blue silks with the white clocks that she didn't look to be more than twenty-two. Now, there is a faint suspicion, shared even by the lady herself, that Emma Graff is over twenty-two by several minutes. But what's the difference, so long as she doesn't look the part? I call her smart and fortunate, and I can give her the names of fifty women who would like to have her give the trick away.

* * * *

ANNA ROBINSON has been a frequent visitor to the Casino roof garden this season.

Have you ever noticed Anna's dresses?. There's nothing better worn on or off the stage. In fact, Anna must spend at least one hundred dollars a week on her clothes, which leaves her only a few hundred out of her salary.

It is untrue that Miss Robinson is to become the bride of the tall, handsome cavalier who was seen so much in her company last season. His family arranged matters, I understand.

* * * *

FLO THORNTON, stage-manager Ben Teall's pretty wife, will probably be seen in a new production on Broadway in the fall.

She's clever and a nice girl.

* * * *

I'M glad that poor little Kathrine Grey is to have something good this season. She deserves it, and she should make a good Celia Pryse in "The Royal Box."

Kathrine has never complained very much, but her trouble with Paul Arthur, her late husband, wounded her deeply.

Paul was never anything but neglectful, but that was enough for his wife. I know that they thought a great deal of each other for a long time, but Paul was a gadabout and didn't mind leaving his wife to paddle her own canoe.

Now Paul is one of London's popular actors, and the English girls say he's about right.

And Kathrine stays in New York and thinks.

* * * *

THE summer has bred one delicious scandal.

You know the man and the woman and the fool husband.

A chance meeting at the Claremont did the whole business, and the details of a certain li tle trip down to Narragansett Pier is in the hands of the husband's lawyers.

If the thing isn't settled out of court, there will be one vacancy in the ranks of a well-known stock company.

But the husband always was a fool. He should have thought of a fence around his pasture long ago.

* * * *

LITTLE MARIE GEORGE has arrived.

She's a good dancer, that girl. In "Yankee Doodle Dandy" she does some good work with her feet. And then she's such a fluffy, blonde, brisk thing that she always seems bright and fresh.

Her ankles are worth careful study. They were made for dancing. They're light and graceful and strong and show off a black pair of silk stockings with great eclat, as Mr. Chuck Connors would say.

If Marie George would try, she could become America's Letty Lind. The only trouble is that she is twice as pretty as the English dancer. Besides, she hasn't a lord on her staff.

* * * *

SO CLARA THROPP is to star next season.

She can do it. She's a great favorite out on the road. All she has to do is to show that cute snub nose of hers, sing a bar or two in a voice twice as large as herself, and then she is it.

Clara doesn't like London. She did fairly well

Digitized by Google
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, London.

Two of the latest pictures of Miss Phyllis Rankin, who went to London with "The Belle of New York" company. Miss Rankin is the daughter of McKee Rankin, the famous comedian of the American stage and first achieved notice by imitating the contortions of Anna Held.

---

over there, but she had more trouble—but get her to tell you herself.

• • • •

ELLEN VOCKEY SEIFERT will not join a company this season.—Dramatic Mirror.

The secret is mine. The railroad companies wanted to charge excess baggage for her name.

• • • •

"I'VE had a rough time of it this summer," said a girl who is well known in farce to me the other day.

She has been playing in a new production at a New York music hall.

"You see," she continued, "I signed for an indefinite period at a small salary for the summer. I thought all I had to do was to go on and play my part. But I was mistaken. The second night I was told by some of the other girls in the company that we were supposed to allow men visitors to our dressing-rooms and drink wine with them. This wine, of course, was always purchased on the premises.

"The next night I was approached by a miserable underling of the manager's who said that his employer had asked him to introduce a strange man to me. I was further informed that I would be asked to order a certain brand of champagne on which the management made an extra large profit. I put my foot down flat and said I wouldn't meet the man who was dying to buy me wine.

"The next night I received my two weeks' notice."

Sa-ay, how's that for a story of a manager who has always boasted that he didn't keep a dive?

• • • •

SA-AY, I'll meet you in the same place next month.

THE RED SOUBRETTE.

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

From Photo by Van Der Weyde, New York.

HOW THE AMERICAN SOLDIER BOYS ENJOYED ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME AT CAMP BLACK, LONG ISLAND.

This is a reproduction of an instantaneous photograph, taken by Mr. Van Der Weyde, one of New York's best known camera experts. It shows the boys of Uncle Sam's army enjoying a morning shower bath, improvised, perhaps, but none the less effective and welcome. We venture to say that the entire Spanish army cannot boast of a scene similar to this. We are the clean people.

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Father.—Well, I don't approve of him as a son-in-law. He hasn't enough enterprise.

Daughter.—He hasn't? Why, he kissed me the first time we met.

H. R. VYNNE.
The well-known young feuilletonist of New York. His clever pen work has brought him forward prominently in the past few years.

A CONGENIAL SUBJECT.

Wife (after returning from church).—You should have been in church this morning. We had a beautiful sermon.

Husband.—I'll bet you can't repeat the text.

Wife.—Yes, I can. It was the tenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Ezekiel—I girded thee about with fine linen, and I covered thee with silk.

Husband.—Huh! It is no wonder you remember it.

J. S. HILLIER.
Musical conductor at Daly's Theatre, on Broadway, New York.

Digitized by Google
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

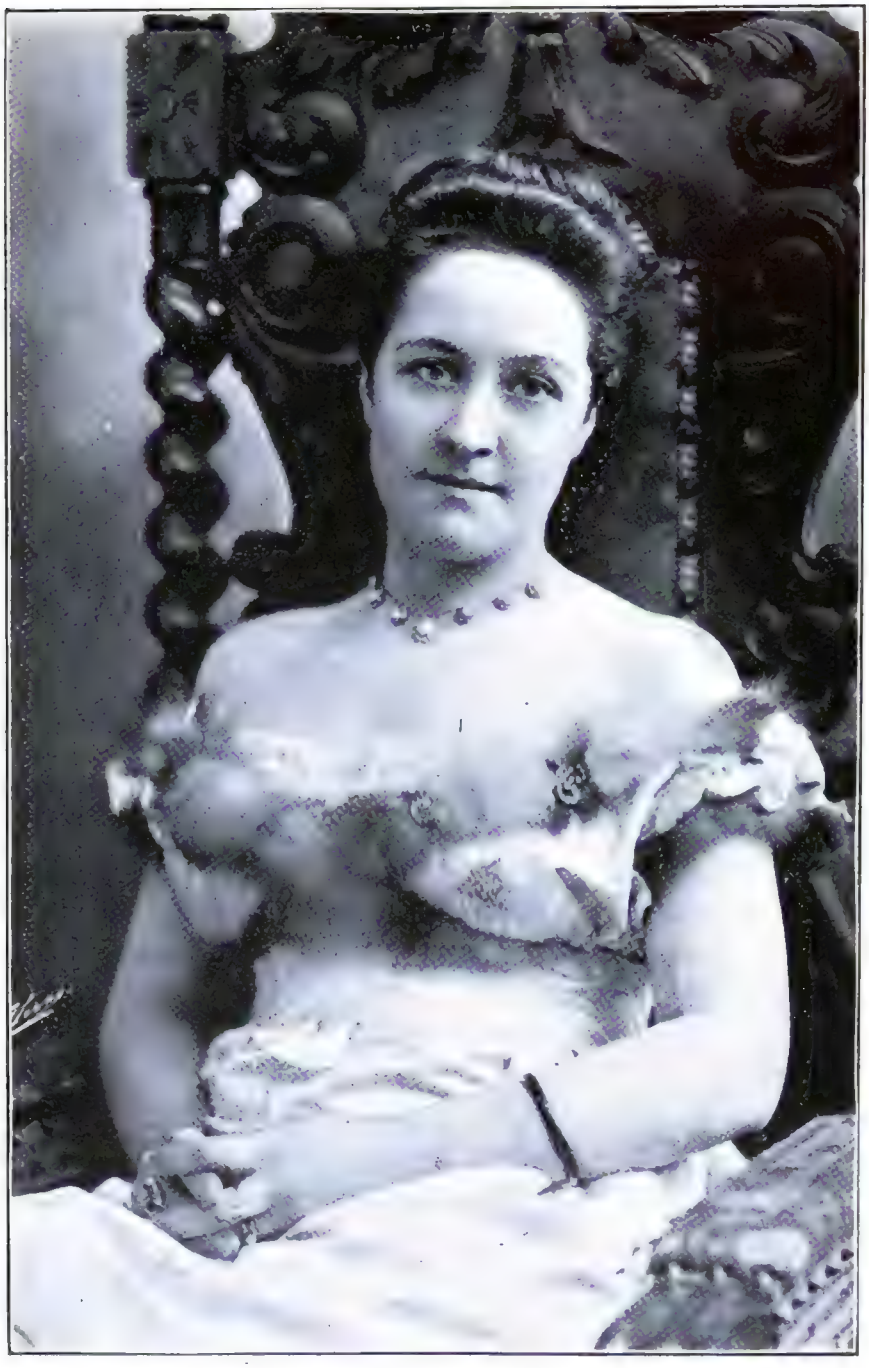


Photo by Thors, San Francisco.

NO; THIS IS NOT LADY FLANES, OF UMPSDALE-ON-THE-FLANNEL. IT IS PATRICE, A VAUDEVILLER.

She has been playing with success at the continuous performance houses, but occasionally she finds time to pose like the real thing.

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

From Photograph by Joseph Byron, New York.

THE BATHING INSTRUCTOR AT MANHATTAN BEACH AND ONE OF HIS PRETTY PUPILS.

Digitized by Google
Original from

Clara.—Bah, you silly girl, you mustn't think that German baron is in love with you just because he danced with you twice running.

Mabel.—Yes, but he actually went and got me something from the supper table without eating or drinking anything himself.

NERVE.

Aspiring Tragedian.—Ah! Robins, how are you? I saw you at our performance the other night. How did you like my assumption of Hamlet?

Robins.—Capital, my dear fellow. Greatest piece of assumption I ever saw in my life.

TOO MUCH PREVIOUSNESS.

Ned.—If you want to marry an heiress, why don't you propose to Miss Elderly? She's rich.

Ted.—Yes, but I object to her past.

Ned.—Why, I thought that was above reproach.

Ted.—It is; but there's so much of it.

I. AT PARK ROW.
Before getting into the car.

II. AT CONEY ISLAND.
After getting out of the car.

CONEY ISLAND VIA THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE TROLLEY.

Digitized by Google
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

THE REFINED FOUGERE IN ONE OF HER LATEST POSES.

Fougere is the Frenchwoman who showed whole wads of French lace goods when she was over here. She also sang songs that were warmer than the rouge on her cheeks. Fougere is still warbling her chaste ditties in Paris.

A NATURAL ERROR.

Beggar.—Could youse spare a poor feller a ten-dollar bill fer a meal?

Citizen.—Ten dollars?

Beggar.—Scuse me boss; I meant ten cents. I've jest escaped from Klondike, and hain't got used ter New York ways yit.

LOYAL TO THE LAST.

Head of the Firm (to clerk who is late).—Quiller, it is now a quarter-past nine. What excuse have you—or did you spend the whole time in sleep?

Clerk.—I'm sorry to say I did; but I dreamed about nothing but the office.

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

"GOOD MORNING."

THE TYPICAL SAILOR-HAT GIRL.

A LA LILLIAN RUSSELL.

"YOU CAN'T FOOL ME."

MISS DAISY BESLEY, A YOUNG GIRL WHO GOES ON THE STAGE THIS FALL.

If she acts as well as she looks, she'll do. And, furthermore, we think Ye Rose Studio of Providence, R. I., has done a distinct service to humanity in distributing her pictures.

Digitized by Google

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

DAISY DENTON'S UNUSUAL SENTIMENT.

By John Spears Gray.

A woman with stolid, square face was cutting a child's hair. No dainty finicking task was hers, with a hair to be shortened in one place, and a curl to be delicately thinned in another, but an affair of huge scissors and massive crunching snips, under which the long brown locks, soft and bright and iridescent, fell in desolate showers. Two big tears hung in the little victim's eyes, like bubbles on frothed water, and now and again her body writhed and her shoulders rose with the movements of a noiseless sob. The woman worked in sullen silence, with an occasional hostile glance at someone sitting on a table near by—someone with a face oddly like her own, and yet supremely and exquisitely lovely, so lovely that no paint or powder, enamel, hair-dye, pencil-marks, or cosmetics of any kind could disguise its beauty. Nature had fashioned two rough blocks in the same mold and left one unfinished, and used all her finest art to perfect the other. "Dainty Daisy Denton"—that was the name by which the young lady danced at the Gaiety, and gave supper-parties at her flat in the West Thirties—was a very good judge of beauty, and, as she sat here smoking a cigarette and swinging her feet, she was entirely satisfied with herself. A gleam of laughter flashed into her face occasionally as she noted Martha's displeased eyes wandering over the costly perfection of her dress, whose gay summer coloring was like a nebula of light in the darkly and dully furnished bedroom.

Daisy's thoughts seemed at last to drift slowly away from herself and to realize her sister's occupation. "What are you doing that for?" she asked.

"It is a regulation of the convent. Helen is going there to-morrow."

"What rubbish! Do you want it cut off, dearie?"

"No, Miss," said the child, with the echo of sobs in her voice, "but my hair has to be kept short till my first communion. For two years more——"

At the word "Miss" a sudden look of fury blazed in Daisy Denton's eyes. "Who said that the baby might be sent to school?" she asked, turning to her sister.

"I did," was the curt response.

"You—you? but it seems to me, my dear, that——"

"Go, Helen"—the elder woman put down her scissors and pushed the child towards the door—"go and wait in the dressing-room till I call you. Now," she went on, coming and standing in front of Daisy, "what does this mean?"

Daisy shrugged her shoulders. "A whim," she said.

"I will tolerate no such whims. I took the child after your divorce with an understanding that you would neither see her nor speak to her again. Otherwise, as you know, Mr. Palmer would have sent her to his own family. You have let her alone for five years, and now twice in one week you have been here and talked to her and pretended to assert some authority. I won't have it. She has forgotten you entirely, as you see."

"Yes?"

"Of course. Is it likely that a child who is taken away when she is four years old, and then never sees you for five years, will remember anything? I don't mean her to remember. I don't mean her to be reminded."

Daisy laughed and relit her cigarette, which had gone out.

"Calm yourself," she said. "I do assure you I care nothing whatever about the little animal, and I'm not going to have a scene or reveal myself—though, if I did, I would do it much better than Marie Gray in 'The Divorcee.' She's a perfect stick in that scene with her son. If I had a part like that, I would have all New York in hysterics. Have you seen her?"

"No. You seem to have been considering the part." Martha looked at her sister with vexation and mistrust.

"Considering it? Bah! I went to see Marie twice, so that I might abuse her acting. We do not love one another. She came into my dressing-room at the Gaiety with Philip some weeks ago, and looked round her in her usual impudent way. I asked her if it was true if she was going to Chicago, and how much she was to get there. She told me 'yes,' and that Burton had promised her three hundred a week. I told her that I had made nearly six hundred a week all the time I was there, and she lifted her ugly little nose in the air and said, 'I am going there to make money only with my throat.' Polite, wasn't it? But, then, she owes me a bad turn or two for what I did to her at the French Ball last winter. Did I ever tell you about it?"

"No; what was that?"

Strangely enough, instead of being horrified by her sister's talk, Martha appeared to be relieved at the direction in which the conversation had turned. Perhaps Daisy knew this. Maybe the direction, and Martha's consequent relief, were not so much a matter of chance as might appear.

"Marie announced everywhere that she had got a dress for the French Ball which was going to be the talk for the rest of the century. Well, I spent a little money and found out what the dress was. Then I went to Paquin and ordered one exactly like it, stitch for stitch."

"That wasn't very clever—to wear exactly the same."

"I wear it? . . . Your imagination is so weak, my poor Martha. I dressed my maid in it, got another dress for myself which was the most lovely thing you ever saw, and then went to the ball with my maid, and told Browning and Decker and Gordon and the others to go about pretending to mistake Marie for my maid and my maid for Marie. It was splendid; Marie only stayed an hour, and was out of her mind with rage."

"Yes, that was clever." The woman moved slowly to the window, and stood there looking out with the set, cold lips and rigid mien of one who is on guard—of one who spends her life on guard and is never to be taken by surprise on any conceivable occasion by man or woman. She stood now in passive silence, while minute after minute passed. Daisy flung her cigarette into the fireplace, stretched herself with affected boredom, and glanced impatiently at her sister.

Digitized by Google
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

"Why don't you fetch that creature back and finish her hair?" she asked at last.

"You won't talk any more nonsense before her?"

"Is it likely? Don't be silly."

The cutting proceeded in silence for a few moments longer, and then Daisy got off the table.

"Give me the scissors," she said.

Martha worked on without look or speech.

"Give me the scissors," said the other, impatiently. "You don't know how to do it in the least. You are making a ridiculous mess of it. I only want to cut that bit straight," and fearful of a scene, Martha surrendered the scissors.

Daisy apparently did not want to do much. She snipped a bit off here and there in desultory fashion, and, while she was doing it, the child felt a hand touching her neck with odd thrilling touches; the hand was pressed softly over her cheek and forehead, stroking them; once the fingers touched her lips, and, because they seemed to be resting there expecting something, Helen kissed them quietly. Then the hair-cutting was resumed for a moment.

"Can't the poor little cat have a handkerchief to dry her eyes?" asked Daisy at last. "Oh, never mind, I have one." A bit of soft-scented lace touched Helen's eyes, and she looked up with shy gratitude—such a look of wild love and longing and pain was in the pretty face bending down over hers as almost frightened the child into an exclamation.

The door-bell rang.

"Visitors," said Daisy, lightly. "I'll take myself off if it's anyone who matters. You might go and see, Martha, while I finish up this job."

The door closed and Daisy stood for a whole minute in silence with a hand on the child's head. She was apparently debating something, but, before she had time to come to any decision, Martha returned.

"It is Mrs. Bailey," she said, in an uncomfortable voice, and then stopped.

"You want to get rid of me. All right. I'm off." Daisy made a movement towards the door, and Martha, in her eagerness to be free of her sister, hastened out of the room to open the front door. The other turned hurriedly back to Helen.

"You are allowed to take money to school—or, at any rate, to buy yourself some toys or something?" she asked in a whisper.

Helen smiled and nodded. Some coins were stuffed into the little hand, and Helen stole a look at them in order that her thanks might be adequate. A small pile of gold lay there.

"Oh, Miss——!"

"Don't say that to me—Hush! don't be frightened. Kiss me, and say 'Good-bye, mother.'"

The child did as she was told, with wide, wondering eyes.

"Don't tell anyone. Kiss me again. You won't tell?"

"Oh, no; but——"

Martha came back into the room. "What are you doing?" she asked, sharply.

"Only giving the child something to buy a doll and a box of chocolates to console her for the hair-cutting. Let her spend it—just this once. I'll stop here arguing till you promise."

A NEW PORTRAIT OF KUEHNE BEVERIDGE.
This picture is by Von Lenbach, the famous young German painter, for whom the sculptress has been sitting during her present visit to London.

"Very well," said the sister, not caring to conceal her fear at this threat. "But, indeed," she added as the two left the room, "this will be the last time you come here or see Helen anywhere. I will run no risks of old Mrs. Palmer finding out anything. She would come here and take the child away an hour afterwards."

"Be easy, my good Martha. I shall have forgotten the creature's existence by this evening. Good-bye."

Daisy Denton got into the smart victoria which was waiting in the courtyard, and drove home. Scores of people turned to look at the superb chestnuts and the famous beauty as they passed through Central Park and down Broadway.

Daisy drove to Shanley's an hour later and joined a dinner-party there. But nothing was right; the soup was cold, the fish had too much butter in it; there was garlic, she said, in one of the entrees. "Give me some Pommery to take the taste of the horrible stuff out of my mouth," she shouted angrily.

"Garlic! Nonsense!" said the young host, contemptuously. "What's the matter?"

"Is it bills?" asked another guest, sympathetically.

"Oh, no! I've been listening to brats talking nursery nonsense all the afternoon. Order that Pommery quick. It will be my turn at the Gaiety in an hour, and if I don't forget that sickly child-chatter before I come on I shan't be able to dance a step."

And then she tipped glasses with the blonde young cub opposite and made him see Paradise when he looked into her eyes.

Digitized by Google
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

EDNA LYLE WHO LOVES TO SMILE OUT UPON THE WORLD IN THIS STYLE.

And if there is such a thing as love of the dainty, the world has no reason for objecting. It doesn't.

HAS IMPLICIT AUTHORITY.

"Papa," said the boy, "when you say in your advertisements that your goods are acknowledged by connoisseurs to be the best, what do you mean by connoisseurs?"

"A connoisseur, my boy," answered the great manufacturer, "is an eminent authority—an authority, in short, who admits that our goods are the best."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"What was that Dawson story you told the other day, Hicks?"

"Why, I pleased Mrs. Dawson very much by asking her if she was herself or her daughter. Couldn't tell 'em apart."

"Well, it's strange, but I worked the same scheme on the daughter, and she didn't like it a bit."

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

THE YOUNG MAN OF THE JOURNAL.

A Few Stray Facts About Mr. William R. Hearst.

Three or four years ago a tall, smooth-faced young man with brown hair, sincere eyes and an easy-going manner, strolled into New York City. He went down into Park Row, looked over the situation, and made up his mind to become the publisher of a New York daily newspaper. He thought he could do something with the "Morning Journal," which, at that time, did not rank very high as a journalistic product. This young man thought he saw a great possibility. He finally ended by writing his check for a few paltry hundred thousand dollars to the order of one Pulitzer. The check was signed William R. Hearst.

MR. WILLIAM R. HEARST,

"THE YOUNG MAN OF THE 'JOURNAL.'"

This same young man has made the whole country talk about him since. With a calmness and determination and definite object that have never for a moment been obscure he cut long, deep incisions into the circulation and prestige of the "World" and into the dignity of its proprietor, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer. Everybody began to call him "The Young Man of the Journal." New York grew sorely disappointed if it got out of its bed any morning without receiving a fresh surprise from Hearst. He was at first looked upon as "easy." It was finally discovered, however, that he had a pretty well defined idea of what he wanted and how much it was worth to him. He paid big money for big things—when he wanted them.

He never stopped at trifles. If he saw something or somebody that he thought necessary to the success of the "Journal" he drew out his check book and made the purchase, whether it was of franchise, white paper or brains, with a coolness and dispatch that fairly startled those who did not know him. His prodigality was often the gossip of the street and the cafe.

He was making the "Journal" all the time.

But when Hearst, the man of millions, the proprietor of the most widely discussed newspaper in America, the man who has commanded luxury all his life, announced, even more modestly than he would have

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

"HARK, I HEAR THE BLUE-BELLS RING." SO WHILE I THINK OF IT I'LL JUST CUT A FIGURE EIGHT AND TELL YOU ALL ABOUT MY "CRAZY DAISY, THE PRIDE OF DULUTH."

spoken about one of his own reporters, that he was going to Cuba to do some reporting himself, the old timers winked their eyes, threw up their hands, and went and took another drink.

But Hearst was still making the "Journal."

Three or four years have not changed William R. Hearst. He is still tall, still smooth-faced, still easy-going, and his eyes have not lost their sincerity. The mere fact that success has come to him has not changed him one whit with either his friends or his enemies.

He is still the young man of the "Journal."

R. B. H.

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

A FEW OF THE ENGLISH VARIETY-MEMBERS OF "THE CIRCUS GIRL" COMPANY.

"HERE I AM, AS LIVELY AS A LARK."

"OH, I MANAGE TO MAKE A HIT ONCE IN A WHILE."

Digitized by Google
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

1. Photo by Dana, N. Y.
LITTLE LOTTIE LILAC.

2. Photo by Glines, Boston.
CORA LESLIE,
EVIDENTLY PROUD OF HER STOCKINGS.

3. Photo by Feinberg.
FLO JANSEN,
WITH A HANDFUL OF PROPERTY ROSES.

4. Photo by Sarony, N. Y.
BONNIE THORNTON,
Who Warbles Without the Use of Her Voice.

A LITTLE BUNCH OF SOUBRETTES.
All are warranted to break into song and dance on the slightest provocation.

Digitized by Google
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Hall, N. Y.

"Hark! I hear the blue bells coming down the road: pretty blue-bells."

Photo by Feinberg.

"With your kind attention I'll sing you my latest hit, entitled 'I Love to See the Cowslips Slip.'"

Photo by Hall, N. Y.

"While I'm waiting for Charley to come I'll sing you a yard or two of my new song."

Photo by Hall, N. Y.

The merry, merry Amazon, who loves to travel thus before the footlights."

FOUR BEAUTIES CULLED FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Digitized by Google
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Hall.

ADA POTTER IN A GOOD OLD POSE THAT SUGGESTS THE BLITHE AND HAPPY DAYS OF VARIETY.

IT REFRESHED HIM.

The young man who writes verses was standing out in the night gazing at the sky, when a friend encountered him: "Halloa, what are you doing? Studying astronomy?"

"Go away and don't disturb me. I am gazing into infinite distance."

"I don't see what satisfaction you find in that."

"That's simply because you have never had any experience with editors, my boy. You don't know what a comfort it is to find some place where nothing is crowded out for want of space."

THE EFFECT ON HIM.

Mrs. A.—Do you find it more economical to do your own cooking?

Mrs. B.—Oh, yes; my husband doesn't eat half so much as he did.

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

TALES OF BROADWAY.

No. 6.—The Experience of Algernon de Face.

By Gordon Palmer.

IT was as hot as blazes on Broadway, and Algernon de Face sweltered in the stock broker's office, where he lorded over a ticker and two office boys. His employer was away on a vacation. All the customers that bet against the Knockem & Co. ticker were away, too. But Algernon still lingered, and he swore. But it was so infernally hot that afternoon that he really couldn't be blamed.

"WHEN SHE ALLOWED HIM TO TAKE HER OUT WHERE IT WAS DEEP AND ROUGH."

He picked up the New York "Herald" and his eye struck the personal column. He read this:

Striped Bathing Suit.—Will meet you at Manhattan Beach Wednesday afternoon. I, too, will wear a striped bathing suit.—F. J. S.

Algernon threw down the paper. He swore once more. Why in the devil should he be cooped up in a poky office with only two quarrelling, dirty-faced brats to keep him company?

John Knockem had left him that morning with this admonition: "De Face, I'm going up to the country to-day to see my wife and the kids. Take care of things, and don't leave the office until I come back. We musn't let Pinchem & Co., next door, get anything that's going. So long; and Algernon had promised to stay in the office.

He looked at the "Herald" again. "The office be damned," said Algernon; and then he got his hat, went up to Thirty-fourth street, rode over to Long Island City, and took a train for Manhattan Beach.

* * * * * * *

"That's her," said Algy, forgetting all about his English in his excitement. He looked like a barber's pole; the bathing master had given him the suit he wanted and made him resemble a first-class zebra.

The "her" he referred to was attired in a striped bathing suit; otherwise she looked sane and very stunning.

"THE CAREFULLY TRIMMED BEARD OF JOHN KNOCKEM."

He lost no time.

"I saw your personal in the 'Herald' to-day," said he, "and I just thought I'd come down and see what you looked like."

"Well, what do you think of me?" she answered, apparently not displeased that he

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

"WHO'S GOT A PIN."

should have spoken to her. For Algernon was a good-looking young cub.

"You're great!" he answered, enthusiastically, and he meant every word of it.

Then they chatted some more. Algernon almost lost his head when she allowed him to take her out where it was rough and deep. They came ashore and dug into the sands and said all manner of silly things. At the end of ten minutes she jumped up.

"You must go now," she said, not without a tinge of regret in her tone. "The other man in the striped bathing suit I expect every minute; so sorry."

And Algernon went up the beach and swore for the twentieth time that day.

While he sat with his back ruminating whether he had better jump in and drown himself or light a cigarette, something impelled him to look back to the spot where he had left her.

The other and real man in the striped bathing suit was romping with her in the water.

Algernon almost yelled in his astonishment. He recognized the carefully trimmed beard of John Knockem.

* * * * * * * *

"I say, De Face," said Mr. Knockem to Algernon a few monrings later, as he was going through his mail, "I hope you haven't neglected the office since I've been up to see my family?"

"I haven't missed a trick," said Algernon.

And he really spoke the truth.

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Sarony, New York.

ROSALIE WELLES IN THE ACT OF HUGGING HER LEFT KNEE.

Just why she neglects her right knee history sayeth not. Miss Welles is hereby requested to write an essay on "The Ethics of Knees; or, Every Girl Her Own Hugger."

TIME FOR HIM.

"Misery may like company," says a colored philosopher; "but I'd rather hab de rheumatiz in one leg dan ter hab it in bof."

FOR HIS HEALTH.

Judge.—Why did you steal this gentleman's purse?

Prisoner.—I though the change might do me good.

BARRED.

Author (to Editor).—My friends say that for a love story this one is matchless.

Editor.—Then we don't want it. There must be matches in all our love stories, sir.

THE BEST OF ALL.

Chumple.—Can you give me a good tip for the next race?

Kene.—Yes. Don't bet.

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

THE HON. JOHN KEAN, OF ELIZABETH, N. J.

NEW JERSEY'S COMING SENATOR.

The Hon. John Kean is to be the Republican candidate to succeed the Hon. James Smith, the present Democratic incumbent in the United States Senate, from New Jersey. Mr. Kean lives at Elizabeth, N. J., where he is a banker, capitalist, and has large business interests. He is known to every man, woman and child in that city, and all are his friends. He is one of the best Republican leaders in New Jersey, and has for years devoted his time, energy and money to the interests of the party.. Mr. Kean is well-known and liked by almost every voter in the state of New Jersey, and his election to the Senate seems certain. There is no more loyal supporter of the Republican party in his state. He was defeated for the nomination for Governor at the last election, but immediately afterwards wrote out a liberal check for his party's campaign expenses.

THE DEAR GIRLS.

"Oh, May, what do you think Charles has proposed to me!"

"Well, I'm not surprised. When I refused him he said he would do something silly."

HIS EXCUSE.

Giggs.—Riggs put up a peculiar plea in court when he was accused of having two wives.,

Diggs.—What excuse could he have?

Giggs.—He said he was born a twin.

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

SENORITA ANA POMERAS,
Deliberating Member.

SENORITA ESTHER PEREZ DEL CASTILLO,
Secretary.

SENORITA GLORIA C. DE LIMA,
Treasurer.

SENORA LAURA G. DE ZAYAS BAZAN,
President.

FOUR PRETTY (THAT'S WHAT CUBANS CALL THEM) MEMBERS OF A CUBAN CLUB.

The club is the "Patria," and meetings are held every week, during which all discuss with much animation the delights of living, now that Cuba is free again.

WELL-KNOWN BROADWAY RESORTS.

NO. 1.—THE BOHEMIA CAFE.

The Bohemia Cafe, in West 29th street, after being renovated and refurnished is, under the new management, one of the most popular resorts of its kind in the city.

The new managers have ample experience in catering to the wants of the public, and have many friends.

Aside from its location, its coolness and elegant furnishings, an attractive feature is the Hungarian orchestra.

Digitized by Google
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Davis & Sanford, New York.

MISS MAUDE HOFFMAN, A YOUNG ENGLISH WOMAN WHO HAS REACHED THE GOAL OF LEADING LADY AFTER A SOMEWHAT TEMPESTUOUS CAREER IN SMALL PARTS AS A MEMBER OF WILSON BARRETT'S COMPANY.

Miss Hoffman is pretty and knows how to dress effectively—something that every clever woman doesn't know how to do. Note the costume in this picture.

STUFFS ABOUT TOWN.

WHO is this aged impressario coming along with a dyed mustache? Yes—no—yes—no—yes, it is—it is—our old friend Tapioca!

I WAS ASKED the other day if I had any old clothes to sell. The only old clothes I had were on me at the time, and I said so. It seemed to irritate the young man when I gave him the information. Why?

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Minnie. — What frauds these beggars are. I met a "blind" man, who said, "Please give me a penny, beautiful lady!"

Mamie.—Yes, he said that to make you think he really was blind.

HAVE you heard the news about Oompty-oompt? He's lost his job, and has got to go to work again. His wife secured a divorce.

PINGPING explains to his friends that he got up in the middle of the night and knocked up against the gas bracket. That's all very well for Pingping's friends, but I happen to know how he got the black eye. Pingping is not popular with Mrs. Curlilox's husband at any time, but when he visits their flat in a state of intoxication, and makes remarks, then Mr. Curlilox loses his temper. Which explains the whyness of the wherefore.

Artist.—How do you like the portrait?
Sitter.—Well, I don't exactly like the nose.
Artist.—Neither do I; but it's yours.

A FRIEND of mine told me the other day that he was under great obligations to Digdug. As everybody knows Digdug is one of Broadway's most inveterate borrowers, so I could not understand how any one could be under obligations to him. But my friend said that Digdug had refrained from touching him for more than $30, and that he was correspondingly grateful.

IF a certain theatrical manager were to get a nickel for every chorus girl he has cheated, he'd be a millionaire—or near it.

THE LOAFER.

Digitized by Google
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Stebbing, Paris.

LOUISE VALERIE, WHO IS MAKING FOOLS OF FRENCHMEN.

We say she is making fools of them because she has managed to make the whole of Paris fall in love with her. She is a comparative newcomer on the French stage, and recently it was discovered that she was a beauty. Now, every night she has more violets and roses in her dressing room than any chorus girl ever received at the New York Casino.

THE BEST PLACE AFTER ALL.

"I had a delightful time for my vacation. No regular hours for meals. Large, airy rooms. No charge for hot and cold baths. All kinds of fruit and vegetables."

"Delicious! Where is this ideal spot?"

"At home."

LEFT TO THE REPORTER.

Senator Stuffe.—Well, my dear, I was interviewed this morning on the leading topics of the day.

His Wife.—What did you say?

Senator Stuffe.—I can't tell until I see the paper.

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

TWO NEW PHOTOGRAPHS OF PRETTY ENGLISH GIRLS.

1.—Miss Elizabeth Kearney, of the London Gaiety Company.

A DESCRIPTION.

A bargain is something you don't want, bought with money you can't afford to spend, because you think it is worth more than it cost.

A HIGH TIME.

Ethel.—Did you enjoy yourself at Aunt Jane's supper party?

Bobby.—Sh'd say so; been ill ever since.

SATISFYING HIS CURIOSITY.

Bixby (very near-sighted) Who's that dumpy fright coming up the road on the bicycle?

Sixby.—That's my wife

Bixby.—Er—ah, a no—I don't mean that one; I mean the guy with the divided skirt.

Sixby.—Oh, that's your wife.

EMPHASIS.

"We have parted forever," said the young man, sadly. "She is never going to even write to me again."

"Are you sure of that?" asked the sympathetic friend.

"Yes. She told me so in each of her last three letters."

A SUBSTITUTE.

Mr. Simper (to hostess' little daughter)—Come and kiss me, Dolly.

Dolly (bashfully) — You do it, mamma.

COLLABORATION.

"Pennywiggle tells me that his wife helped him to get out his last volume of verses. I didn't know she was literary."

"She's not. What she did was to persuade her father to stand the expense of the publication."

2—Miss Maude Hobson, Who Has Been Seen and Heard in New York.

Digitized by Google

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

AT THE RACES.

Dotty Footlites.—Well, well, Mabel, I thought you had a part at the Frivolity to-night?

Mabel Formleigh.—Yes, but my doctor sent them a certificate of illness, you know and as he is a nice chap I couldn't make him out a liar, so I came here to recuperate.

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Chickering, Boston.
Endeavoring to wear a hole in the carpet.

Photo by Chickering, Boston.
Teasing an inoffensive mirror.

TWO NEW PICTURES OF MISS MINNIE ASHLEY, WHO INSISTS ON LOOKING AS YOUNG AS A SCHOOLGIRL.

EMMA EAMES AND HER LATEST PET.
Photograph Taken in the Singers' Apartments in "Dear Ole Lunnon."

WHAT HE WANTED.

Editor.—The only way to succeed in the newspaper business is to give the people what they want.

Friend.—That's so. Have you got half a dollar you can let me have?

A STRANGE TONGUE.

When you hear of two young people conversing in a strange language with occasional English words interspersed, do not set them down as foreigners. They may be talking golf.

AFFLICTION SORE.

Muggins.—I am afflicted with lung trouble.

Juggins.—Why, you look all right.

Muggins.—Oh, it isn't me. We've got twins at our house.

Digitized by Google
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

ROSE RENERA.
CORA LESLIE.
ELSIE DAVIS.

MABEL HOWE.
CARRIE MILLS.

DORA SANFORD.
MAY WARNER.
AN UNKNOWN.

STILL ANOTHER PLATE OF PEACHES.

This photograph, taken by Clarence J. Horner, of Boston, shows the faces of seven young members of K. and E.'s Select Boarding School For Young Ladies. This is the Class in Lingerie and their instructor guarantees that they are experts in the gentle art of making things lively. If the unknown will send in her name we will see that it appears in the next issue of the Women's Home Guide.

Digitized by Google
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Ogerau, Paris.

A FRENCHWOMAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO POSE.

There are curves for you, and she makes them all herself. She is noted in Paris as a woman who knows how to make an attractive figure on or off the stage.

HOW IMPORTANT.

Managing Editor.—See here. In yesterday morning's issue we had no account of the earthquake. How's that?

City Editor.—It was crowded out by the article which showed we always have more news than our contemporaries.

WHAT HE ESCAPED.

Wraggles.—Well, Adam was a lucky man.

Parker.—In what particular way?

Wraggles.—He didn't have to prance round the garden like an idiot holding Eve on a thirty-pound bike.

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

MISS NATHALIE OLCOTT AS DAISY BREESE, A DENVER GIRL.

MISS HENRIETTE LEE AS MARGUERITE SWIFTGATE, JUST BACK FROM DAKOTA.

MISS JEAN McILMOYLE, THE MAID OF MANILA.

ONE OF THE SUMMER'S PATRIOTIC PRODUCTIONS, "THE MAID OF MANILA."

This piece is by Mr. John F. Harley and H. B. Marshall, librettists, and Batchellor, composer. It is as light and fluffy as a summer zephyr and as produced at Midland Beach is guaranteed not to lead to serious international complications.

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Among the books not received at this office are the following:

CHEWING-GUM CHARLIE, By Mrs. Robert Elsmere.—This is a story of swift city life in Hoboken. Chewing-Gum Charlie, the hero, who is a messenger boy, goes through a marvellous series of adventures, the most thrilling being that which describes how his feet got stuck onto the sidewalk when delivering a rush message. He is an inveterate patron of tutti-frutti, and finally marries the—but buy and read it for yourselves.

—x—

HOW I WON MY MEDALS, By Smitchard Hardface Davis.—An autobiography of a popular writer, telling in graphic language the wonderful feats which led to his securing the medals he won on the field of battle during the Spanish war. The book is profusely illustrated, there being on every other page a photograph of the author.

—x—

TRIALS OF A BOX-OFFICE MAN, By Broadway Harry.—Another autobiography. It relates how the public trample on the man who sells theatre tickets, constantly insisting on getting what they want, no matter whether the box-office man wants them to have it or not. An amusing chapter is devoted to several bits of repartee by which the author called down bothersome patrons of the theatre.

—x—

THE STORY OF MY LIFE; A Book for the Young, By Benjamin George Spooks.—This is a disgraceful story under the guise of a tale for children. The author has deliberately set himself to corrupt their morals by recounting the adventures of himself in the different bar-rooms of the city. The children in whose hands it might chance to fall would assuredly be driven to drink, so it might be advisable for Senator Raines or some guy to get hold of and suppress the book. A word to the wise, etc.

—x—

SHE HAD A STRAWBERRY MARK ON HER ELBOW, BUT HE REFUSED TO BREAK THE ENGAGEMENT ON THAT ACCOUNT, By Mora Green Pibbey.—Some persons might think this a too sensational book to please the masses, but the moral is it is so strong and the general tone so refined, that it ought to be a go. The plot may be guessed by the title, so what's the use of working?

—x—

HOW GALLAGHER LET 'ER GO, By Percival Pash.—Percival Pash's name is familiar to all readers of light literature, and his latest work is quite up to the mark of his former efforts. It is a blood-thirsty story of marriage, love, divorce, suicide, burial and several other details of high life, and has already attained its 726th edition.

—x—

DID SHE FALL, OR DID SHE FALL? By Captain Slapman, of the New York Police.—Captain Slapman has produced a very pretty little story dealing with idyllic life in the Tenderloin. The hero of the tale wears side-whiskers and carries mirrors in his clothes, but his identity is shrouded in mystery. Nobody knows who he is. The heroine, of whom it is asked, did she fall, or did she fall, is a chorus girl supposed to be well-known along Broadway, and who ultimately turns out to be heiress to an estate in Harlem, whereupon she leaves the stage—but comes back three years afterwards.

—x—

POEMS, By An Advertising Agent.—These poems are full of move. They're about the slickest thing going. Say, on the dead, they're great. The poet, he's a poet and no mistake, and there ain't no guff in this piece of writing, see? [Editor's Note.—This criticism is written, by request, by the author himself.]

—x—

IN THE ELECTRICAL PUSH, By Al. Grant Peters.—A weird story of adventure, being the trials and tribulations of an electrocutionist's career. He falls in love with an attractive murderess and helps her to escape, disguising her in the garb of a yellow journal reporter. They fly to Spain and get married. The woman goes crazy and thinks she's the Queen, but, being repulsed from the throne, stabs herself with a button-hook.

—x—

JUJUBES FOR THE JEALOUS, or, Admiral Cervera's Pants, By Alphonso Sagasta Salmeron.—This is a translation from the Spanish, and is a very poor book. The author aims high, but naturally doesn't hit the mark.

—x—

Other books which have failed to make their appearance are also:

ENVELOPES I HAVE GUMMED. By A. Dollaradayer.

BULLDABULL, THE BUTCHER. By Christine Fish.

THE LADY WITH THE VARICOSE VEIN. A Detective Story. By Shtefin O'Brien.

"AH, G'WAN, IRISH!" A Dialect Story. By Harper Bros.

LITTLE PEEWEE. By James Roaster Pord.

?, !, and §. By —.

Digitized by Google
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

The Boys.—Well, girls, to-morrow we return to town. Shall you be glad to see Broadway again?
The Girls.—Sure! And that includes the street, the theatre, and the **Magazine.**

He.—Miss Angelina, I love you——

She. — But I haven't a penny in the world.

He. — Excuse me, you did not allow me to finish. I love you not——

She.—So, I only wanted to try you. You see, I have a fortune of $50,000.

He.—Yes, but you interrupted me again. I love you not for your money's sake.

She.—Well, I'm so glad, for that was only a joke about that $50,000.

Photograph by Schloss, New York City.
BABETTE RODNEY TRYING TO LOOK SCORNFUL.

PROOF.

Tom (rapturously).—Words fail me when I try to tell you how much I love you. Oh, my darling, is there no way that I can show you?

Kate. — You might take me to a better restaurant next time.

He.—My wife never got the better of me but once.

She. — Lucky man! When was that?

He (sighing).—When she married me.

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

1. J. W. Cope. 2. Kathryn Osterman. 3. Geo. C. Boniface. 4. Helen Bell. 6. Anna Belmont. All of "What Happened to Jones."
5. E. S. Tyler. 7. Blanche Chapman. 8. Mack Lyn Arbuckle. 9. Jessie Padgham-Conant. 10. Frank Hatch. 11. Annie Yeamans. 12. Fred. W. Peters. All of "Why Smith Left Home."
(From photographs by Miner, Pach, Rockwood, Marceau, Feinberg, Chickering and Fredericks.)

Principals in "What Happened To Jones," and "Why Smith Left Home" companies now appearing in Broadhurst's successful comedies, with J. J. Rosenthal as manager.

Digitized by Google
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Thors, San Francisco.

MISS ROSELLE KNOTT, WHO HAS BEEN PICKING CHERRIES, AND WHOSE ARMS ARE WORTH MORE THAN A PASSING GLANCE.

Miss Knott—don't forget the K—played last season in "The Cherry Pickers," and is generally considered to be a pretty and clever young woman.

HIS SHREWDNESS.

Old Million (with a scowl).—You want my daughter, eh? Now, sir, tell me in what single instance have you ever exhibited any business tact?

Jake Fellows.—Well, I picked on you for a father-in-law.

HE APPRECIATED IT.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak (as her husband comes in late at night).—What does the clock say, John?

Mr. Crimsonbeak (with difficulty). — Nothing, madam, nothing. It's got sense enough not to say anything.

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

"GIN FIZZES AND THINGS."

BLANCHE WALSH'S LATEST MOVE.—I suppose you know that Blanche Walsh is going with Melbourne MacDowell, when that actor displays his heavyweight genius for the benefit of the public. Miss Walsh signed with Ben Stern, Davenport's manager, in the office of Pain, the fireworks man, on Park Place, some weeks ago. Stern and Archie MacKenzie have filled in time with Pain during the summer. All this means that Miss Walsh, one of the best of our younger American actresses, once again consents to hide her strong individuality behind the all-pervading central figure of a star. Some time ago Alan Dale, in a New York daily, tried to figure out just why Miss Walsh had not succeeded in becoming a leader in contemporaneous American theatricals. He failed, and I'll not attempt it. Miss Walsh has youth, energy, a splendid stage presence and as much magnetism as falls to the share of most women. There are still many who claim that her Trilby was the very best ever seen in this country or Europe. There are a dozen women now starring and making money who cannot boast of one-half the looks, ability or stage record of this striking Irish-American girl who rose above her surroundings and from a typical little East Sider, became one of the most admired of our native players. She should be starring or else the leading lady of one of our few swagger American stock companies. But her time is bound to come, and when it does, look out for a landslide.

MR. MAYER, OF NEW YORK AND LONDON.—I see that Marcus R. Mayer has been having a more or less picturesque time of it with George Musgrove, the pugnacious member of the remarkably successful Australian firm of Musgrove & Williamson. And, strange to say, Mr. Mayer, who has been handling "The Belle of New York" for George Lederer, on one occasion actually put Musgrove to flight by sheer dint of fisticuffs. I can hardly believe this of the unctuous Mr. Mayer. Honeyed words and ready smiles are more in his line. He's an oily one, is Mayer. Have you ever heard him tell, with meaning smirk and playful shrug, of his "little pets?" Mr. Mayer, as you must know, is a most solicitous manager.

A LITTLE STORY OF MISS WARD.—Fannie Ward, that ingenuous little American girl with the sweet motherly mother, has cause to be very thankful to a certain American manager and to extol his extreme fatherliness. Miss Ward and the aforesaid sweet mother were passengers on the same steamer with the manager. That kind-hearted gentleman wanted to know what Miss Ward intended to do in London. She didn't quite know, but she had a vague idea that she should see Sir Augustus Harris, who was then at the height of his power, or George Edwardes. The manager said he would arrange for an introduction in person, but there were conditions, and when they were explained the careful mother advised their acceptance. The manager kept his word, and in a very few weeks Miss Ward was launched forth in London theatricals under the sheltering wings of Sir Gus Harris, and was the talk of the town. Inasmuch as Miss Ward tells this story herself it is probably correct in its main points.

MAGGIE MITCHELL AT THE SEASHORE.—I met him just after he had spent a few days at Asbury Park. "Do you know," said he, "that Maggie Mitchell is one of the most familiar figures there. She is. And what's more, she hasn't looked better in years. I saw her only a few days ago, and while I admit that she didn't look as fresh as Edna May did in "The Belle of New York," she certainly astonished the natives. She must be near seventy, and I'll swear she looks sprightlier and more youthful than many a stage woman who is still kicking up her heels and acting devilish."

ALICE ATHERTON IS HAPPY.—I wonder what Alice Atherton takes to make her so happy. Don't you make yourself believe that in her "Laughing Song" she smiles and gurgles and guffaws only with her mouth. That woman laughs with her eyes as well, which shows that her heart is light and her digestion good. Alice Atherton's laughing song, which she has been singing for a number of years, still pours forth from her jolly throat with all the freshness of a bubbling spring. It must be fine to be as happy as Alice Atherton. The dyspeptic should envy her.

MR. HOGAN SPOILS HIS SONGS.—A very important personage on Broadway during the summer has been Ernest Hogan, an African singer, whose fame came when he gave to the world "All Coons Look Alike To Me." Mr. Hogan is a thick-lipped, not particularly intelligent looking negro, who absolutely spoils his own songs by singing them. Even the Wagnerite will admit that there is form and coloring and a certain quality of melody in "All Coons Look Alike To Me." As sung by Mr. Hogan it becomes a recitative without jingle, and absolutely unpretty. This is because its author insists on acting his songs, and when the average moke acts it is time to go home.

MISS DAVIS WINS HER AUDIENCE.—Belle Davis, another African warbler who has been singing on Broadway roof gardens this summer, is quite different. She sings coon songs so utterly oblivious of self and audience, and throws herself so completely into the task, and this without the slightest effort, that she carries her audience with her from the first line to the last. Her rendition of "He Certainly Was Good to Me" has been one of the bright spots in a particularly hot summer.

RICE IN LUCK AGAIN.—Everybody, by the way, seems to be glad that E. E. Rice is on his feet again. And the remarkable part of it is that he struck solid ground in the summer—usually a theatrical graveyard. It was a well-known fact that he finished last season in a pretty tight fix and

Digitized by Google
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.
ONE OF THE LATEST AND MOST EFFECTIVE EXAMPLES OF FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHY.

grabbed the Casino Roof Garden as a last resort. He started in by giving the best midair show New York had known for years, and as a consequence has reaped a harvest.

A SLIGHT ERROR BY A NEWSPAPER WRITER.—A writer for a New York Sunday newspaper, in discussing an addition to Mr. Richard Mansfield's family, stated that the proud father had received congratulations from William Gillette, Joe Jefferson, Lily Langtry, Sara Bernhardt and Rosina Vokes. There are just a few things that special Sunday writers don't know about theatricals.

WHERE IS SHE?—Now that I think of it, what has become of all the young and aspiring players who have announced that they intended to take the place of the late Rosina Vokes? Not one of them has ever succeeded in making the public believe that they had either the energy or the ability to step into the shoes of one of the cleverest little women England has ever sent us.

A PATRIOTIC BROADWAY BARBER.—There is a little barber on Twenty-eighth Street, just east of Broadway, who is well known to the up-town set. His name is Prado, and besides being a deft wielder of the razor and scissors, he is a linguist of no mean ability. Besides Italian, his native tongue, he converses in Spanish, Portugese, French and very good English. He is now an American of

Digitized by Google
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Feinberg, N. Y.

WE'D BE GLAD TO GIVE HER NAME IF WE KNEW IT.

If you know, let us in, too. We are consumed with a burning desire to call her by her first name.

Photo by Thors, San Francisco.

ONCE AGAIN MISS BRIDGES GREETS US

You can't blame her. You'd do the same thing if you owned those legs.

TWO GIRLS OF CANDOR AND GRACE.

Americans, however, and just after the outbreak of the Spanish-American war he gravely announced that he would speak no more Spanish, and would try to forget that he ever knew such a tongue. But when peace took perch beside the eagle Prado considered that he had done his full duty to his adopted country and now the musical greeting of Spain is ready for those of his customers who understand it.

GEORGE BACKUS IN TOWN AGAIN.—I saw George Backus on Broadway just after he had been recuperating in the country. He looked fit to grapple with a dozen parts in "'Way Down East," in which piece he made such a distinct hit last season and in which he will again be seen this fall. Backus is about the most untheatrical appearing man you could meet in a day's walk. He is a ridiculously good looking fellow, of the clear-eyed type, and there is a vizor in his movements and a note in his fine voice that betoken a sane method of living. George Backus has played a remarkably long list of important roles for such a young man, and managers generally look upon him as a "sure" actor.

THE MAN ON BROADWAY.

Digitized by Google

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

MISS EMMA FISKE.

A young concert singer; a niece of Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop, Sousa's former soloist.

A NEW STYLE OF PHOTOGRAPH.

J. Schloss, of Fifth Avenue, has inaugurated a new and wholly original way of lighting in his photographic studios. The method is a secret, but no retouching is necessary, and—ladies, take notice—all signs of age and worry are eliminated by it. The light is not artificial, but comes from the sun, and the portraits are in platinum and carbon.

THE VIRGINIA REEL AS IT IS DANCED AT LONG BRANCH.

NO HUMOR IN IT FOR HIM.

Stranger.—You are the only gentleman in the room.

Guest.—In what way, sir?

Stranger.—When I tripped in the dance and went sprawling on the floor, tearing my fair partner's dress, you were the only one in the room who didn't laugh.

Guest.—The lady is my wife, and I paid for the dress.

HIS WISH.

Prisoner.—Your honor, I should like to have my case postponed. My lawyer is ill and unable to attend.

Judge.—The case may be postponed if you desire it. But I see here that you were taken in the act. What can your counsel have to say on your behalf?

Prisoner.—That's just what I want to know, your honor.

ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE.

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

Digitized by Google
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Morrison.

MISS GRETCHEN DOERK WITH YARDS OF SKIRTS TO BURN.

Those skirts bother her. You can see that. In fact, at this very moment she seems to be in the act of tearing them off. We may be able to get snapshots of later developments. Wait. Simply wait.

TOUPEES

HEPNER'S WIGS

GREASE PAINTS AND POWDERS

Broadway Theatre Building
NEW YORK

97 Washington Street
CHICAGO

Digitized by Google

Original from
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

LEONA LUKE, A YOUNG WOMAN WHOSE SHOULDERS HAVE INCITED MOBS TO FURIOUS FRENZY ALONG BROADWAY.

Digitized by Google

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

VOL. I. April to September, 1898, inclusive

OF

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

Is Now Ready for the Public.

Vol. I. of the Broadway Magazine contains more than

500 Pictures of Actresses.

300 Jokes.

100 Broadway Silhouettes.

100 Comics.

50 War Illustrations.

6 Tales of Broadway.

50 Sparkling Verses.

And a dozen other smart and dashing pictorial features to be found in no other magazine, making in all the most profusely and breezily illustrated volume ever turned out by an American publishing house.

These six numbers of THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE, securely and handsomely bound in cloth, with gold lettering, will be sent upon receipt of $1, express collect. Payment in currency, check or P. O. order to accompany order in every case. If you so desire, send us, express paid, six copies of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE and we will have them bound for you for fifty cents. Sender to pay express charges both ways.

IMPORTANT NOTICE. If you desire a copy of Volume I., send in your order at once, as the first three issues are so scarce that only a limited number of volumes have been bound.

Send orders and make all remittances to

BROADWAY PUBLISHING COMPANY.,

1270 Broadway, New York City.

Digitized by Google

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Falk, New York.

MISS DIXON, ONE OF THE DIMINUTIVE GIRLS WHO TRIPPED GAYLY IN "COOK'S TOURS," AT KOSTER & BIAL'S, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

DR SCOTTS ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH

CURES HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA IN FIVE TO SEVEN MIN. PREVENTS DANDRUFF, FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS

PRICES $1.00 $1.50 $2.00 $2.50 $3.00

PRICE DIFFERS ONLY ACCORDING TO SIZE AND POWER

Try it six months; if not found as represented return it and money will be promptly refunded

At Dry Goods Stores and Druggists, or sent on approval, postpaid, on receipt of price and 10 cents for postage.

GEO. A SCOTT, Room 77, 844 Broadway, N. Y.

A VALUABLE BOOK FREE.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

Will Power IS THE Secret of all Success.

Develop your latent forces and accomplish the otherwise impossible. Philosophy of influencing as daily demonstrated by the successful. Key to Power 50c., or 12c. and addresses of 3 friends. Circulars free. Address

Prof. L. H. Anderson, B. W., 88 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 48 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the hautton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones Street, NEW YORK.

The Broadway Magazine Wants

Your Picture

If it is pretty or interesting send it along.
Are you a professional?
How would you like to see your features reproduced in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.
All you have to do is to send us your photograph.
We'll do the rest.

BROADWAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1270 Broadway, New York.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year, - - - - - - - - $1.00
Six Months, - - - - - - - .50
Single Copy, - - - - - - - .10
Add fifty cents per year for foreign postage

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK.

.....1898.

PUBLISHERS BROADWAY MAGAZINE,
1270 Broadway, New York.

Please send me the BROADWAY MAGAZINE for.....months, beginning with the issue for.....for which enclosed find.....

Name,.....

Address,.....

.....

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

ARTISTIC HOME . . . DECORATIONS

WE can show you effects **NEVER** before thought of, and at moderate prices, too.

WHY have your house decorated and painted by inferior workmen, when you can have it done by skilled workmen—by Artists—for the same price?

IF you intend Decorating, if only one room, call or send to see what we are doing, and for whom.

TAPESTRY PAINTINGS.

2 000 tapestry paintings to choose from. 38 artists employed, including gold medalists of the Paris Salon. Send 25 cents for compendium of 140 studios.

WALL PAPERS.

New styles, designed by gold medal artists. From 10 cents per roll up. Send 50 cents to prepay expressage on large sample books and drapery. Will include drapery samples in package. See our Antique Metallic, French Pressed Silks, and Lida effects in special colors to match all kinds of woodwork, carpets and draperies. Have 500 different wall hangings with draperies especially made at our Bloomhead Mills, Paterson, N. J., to match.

DECORATIONS.

Color schemes—designs and estimates submitted free. Artists sent to all parts of the world to do every sort of decorating and painting. We are educating the country in color-harmony. Relief, stained glass, wall-paper, carpets, furniture, draperies, etc. Pupils taught.

DECORATIVE ADVICE.

Upon receipt of $1 Mr. Douthitt will answer any question on interior decorations—color-harmony and harmony of form, harmony of wall coverings, carpets, curtains, tiles, furniture, gas fixtures, etc.

MANUAL OF ART DECORATIONS.

The art book of the century. 200 royal quarto pages, filled with full-page colored illustrations of modern home interiors and tapestry studies. Price $2.

If you want to be up on decoration send $2 *for this book; worth* $50.

SCHOOL.

Six 3-hour tapestry painting lessons, in studio, $5. Complete written instructions by mail, $1. Tapestry paintings rented; full-size drawings, paints, brushes, etc., supplied. Nowhere, Paris not excepted, are such advantages offered pupils. New catalogue of 125 studies, 25 cents.

Send $1 *for complete instructions in tapestry painting and compendium of* 140 *studies.*

TAPESTRY MATERIALS.

We manufacture tapestry materials superior to foreign goods and half the price. Book of samples, 10 cents.

Send $1 50 *for 2 yards, No.* 6, 50-*inch goods, just for a trial order; worth* $3. *All kinds of draperies to match all sorts of wall papers, from* 10 *cents per yard up. THIS IS OUR GREAT SPECIALTY.*

GOBLIN PRINTED BURLAPS.

Over 100 new styles of wall coverings at 25 cents per yard, 35 inches wide, thus costing the same as wall paper at $1 per roll. 240 kinds of Japanese Lida leather papers at $2 per roll.

GOBLIN ART DRAPERY.

Grecian, Russian, Venetian, Brazilian, Roman, Rococo, Dresden, Festoon, College Stripe, Marie Antoinette, Indian, Calcutta, Bombay, Delft, Soudan

In order that we may introduce this line of New Art Goods, we will send one yard each of 50 *different kinds of our most choice patterns for* $7.50.

JOHN F DOUTHITT,

American Tapestry Decorative Company,

Near 30th Street. **286 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.**

Digitized by Google Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

A BOOM IN HAVANA REAL ESTATE.

"She is a general favorite among the men, I am afraid."
"What makes you think so?"
"Don't we all hate her so?"

IT'S USE.

"Of course you will want a stable in connection with your country place?" said the architect.

"Certainly," replied the man of wealth.

"About how large a one?"

"Oh, it ought to have accommodation for about twenty bicycles."

DELICACY.

Man (hurriedly).—Are you Mrs. Lawson, mum?

"Yes."

"Well, I'm told that your husband's head has been broken, mum, and I'm to break it to you gently, mum."

Small Boy.—Do you want a good thing, sir?

Merchant.—Yes; what is it?

Small Boy.—Me.

Digitized by Google
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Copyright, 1898, by M. Morrison, Chicago.

"HELLO! WE'VE JUST GOT BACK TO TOWN."

A picture of Miss Madeline Bouton and a friend, taken by Morrison, one of America's most artistic photographers.

THIS SPACE FOR SALE.

AS THEY SAY IN THEATRE PROGRAMS.

This back cover page will be sold as soon as an advertiser shows an inclination to pay a decent price for it. In the meantime we shall use it for the benefit of the 50,000 readers who are supporting the Broadway Magazine so handsomely.

THE PUBLISHERS.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO BROADWAY MAGAZINE. (Issued on the First Day of Each Month.)
To any post-office in the United States, Canada or Mexico, one year, post-paid..... $1.00
To Foreign Countries in the Postal Union, one copy, one year, post-paid..... 1.50
Address all communications to BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO., 1270 Broadway, New York.
Entered at New York Post-Office as second-class matter.

Marine Co., 203 Broadway [Printing Department].

Digitized by Google

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY